

Way Out

I feel like asking for patience reader,

Note from endearer and entreater:

Noble reader, dearest reader,

Patience, please.



"back in the day"

way out, issue one.

(lunar new year's day, 2011)

1-2, 5-6, 13-14, 23-24, 39-40

Back Down (throughout issue)

featuring

i.t. lynch

7

two poems

libbi williams

15

Just as real as you

peter boucher

(fitting together in the deepest part of me and you)

Adolescence

25

R.I.P. Sanity

rahul dev

[with Ernie]

35

we come from the sun

bobby corns

41

thomas

eric guo

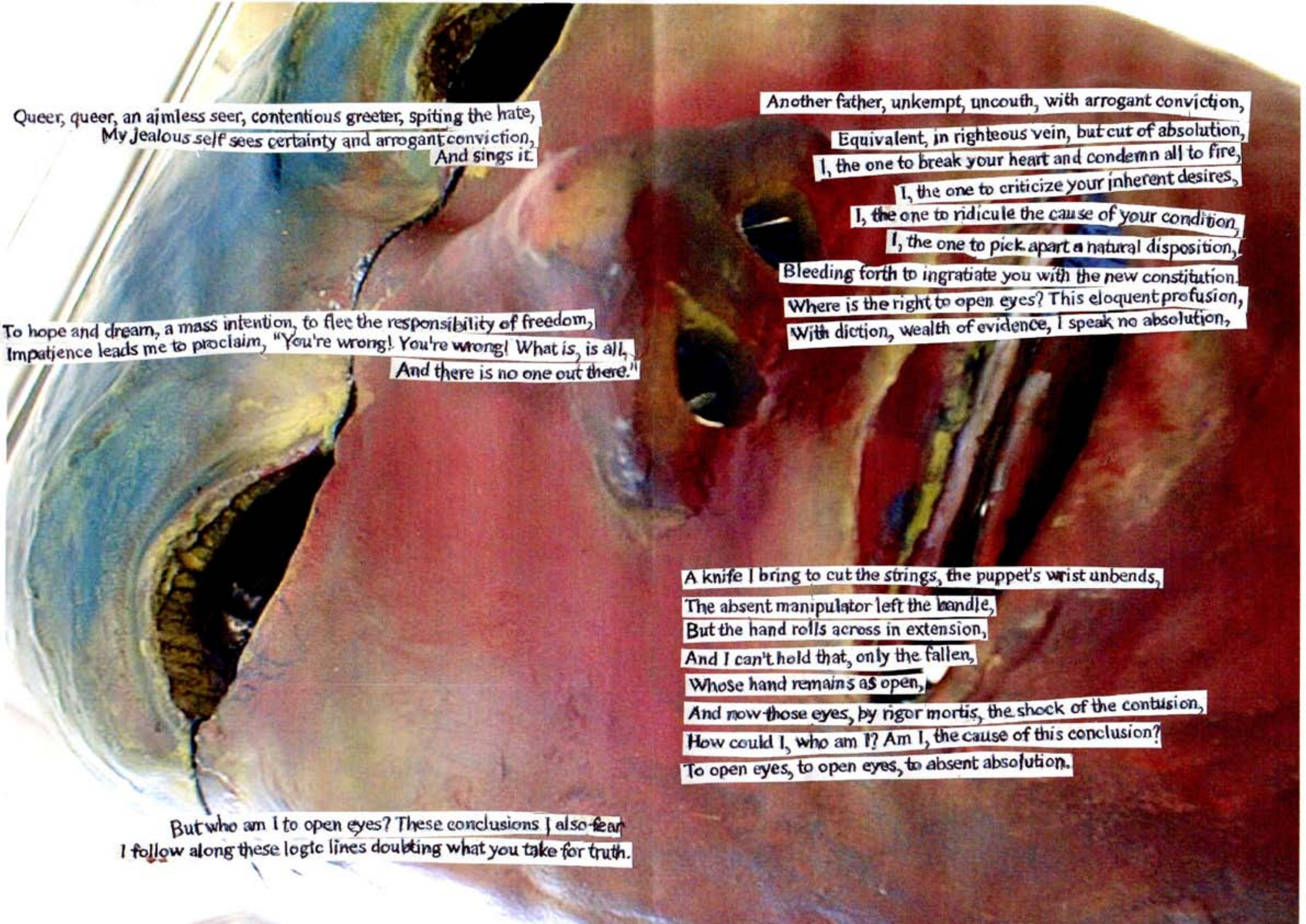
sasha

rienne



2

3



Queer, queer, an aimless seer, contentious greeter, spiting the hate,
My Jealous self sees certainty and arrogant conviction,
And sings it.

To hope and dream, a mass intention, to flee the responsibility of freedom,
Impatience leads me to proclaim, "You're wrong! You're wrong! What is, is all,
And there is no one out there."

But who am I to open eyes? These conclusions I also fear
I follow along these logic lines doubting what you take for truth.

Another father, unkempt, uncouth, with arrogant conviction,
Equivalent, in righteous vein, but cut of absolution,
I, the one to break your heart and condemn all to fire,
I, the one to criticize your inherent desires,
I, the one to ridicule the cause of your condition,
I, the one to pick apart a natural disposition,
Bleeding forth to ingratiate you with the new constitution.
Where is the right to open eyes? This eloquent profusion,
With diction, wealth of evidence, I speak no absolution,

A knife I bring to cut the strings, the puppet's wrist unbends,
The absent manipulator left the handle,
But the hand rolls across in extension,
And I can't hold that, only the fallen,
Whose hand remains as open,
And now those eyes, by rigor mortis, the shock of the contusion,
How could I, who am I? Am I, the cause of this conclusion?
To open eyes, to open eyes, to absent absolution.



libbi williams

two poems

Without movement-----

A song escaped my lips

Lying dead like two bloated worms

On the pavement

Each pleading murmur

After a storm

Cried for its past ambitions

Weeped for its forgotten dreams

With out movement-----

My eyes fluttered with anticipation

Waiting to relive the days of confrontation

That scorched like a conflagration

Of words forged in vain

Of actions forged in rage

Without movement-----

My heart beats rhythmically

Marching like a soldier

To his untimely

Yet predestined tomb

Every beat echoed fatalistically

Off of the wilted petals

Off of the sepulcher's walls

Off of the sepulcher's walls

With out move ment----

I cease to live.

if only I was air,

i would be the luckiest soul-

for

i would give Morn to the

chirping sparrows

and Moon to the

howling coyote

i would give Leaf to the

bowing trees

and Song to the

lyrical lark

if only I was air,

i would be inhaled like sweeeeeeeet nectar-

for

i would give Life;

to the tiniest ant

and to the mightiest beast

to the tallest redwood

and to the shortest bud.

if only I was air

i would... return Life to u-

i would creep into your

mouth

and **RUSH** down your

windpipe

i would **fill** your

lungs

and *slide* into your

bloodstream.

if only I was air,

if only-

libbi Williams

I am afraid; I too do not want responsibility.

But... what... if I... loved you?

Despite all my apparent disability,

Would my hand fall, much as would yours,

When cut from the life you don't understand?

You fear death, and I fear you, but who's the stronger?

No, I don't love you, I never was your sincere sharing lover,

'Madness separates love and reason,'

And we both drink of the middle ground,

But you in drunken stupor fall when cut about the strings,

And I in desperation laugh to kill the gravity.

A Nietzschean once, Romantic thence, always returns a Buddhist,

My hand and knife withdraw pristine—sheathed—yet sharp like an intention

Might life remain like my disdain for bad faith's divine histrionics?

How could I love you? I'm afraid of you.

Which, psychologically would suggest insecurity in my convictions,

And my existence.

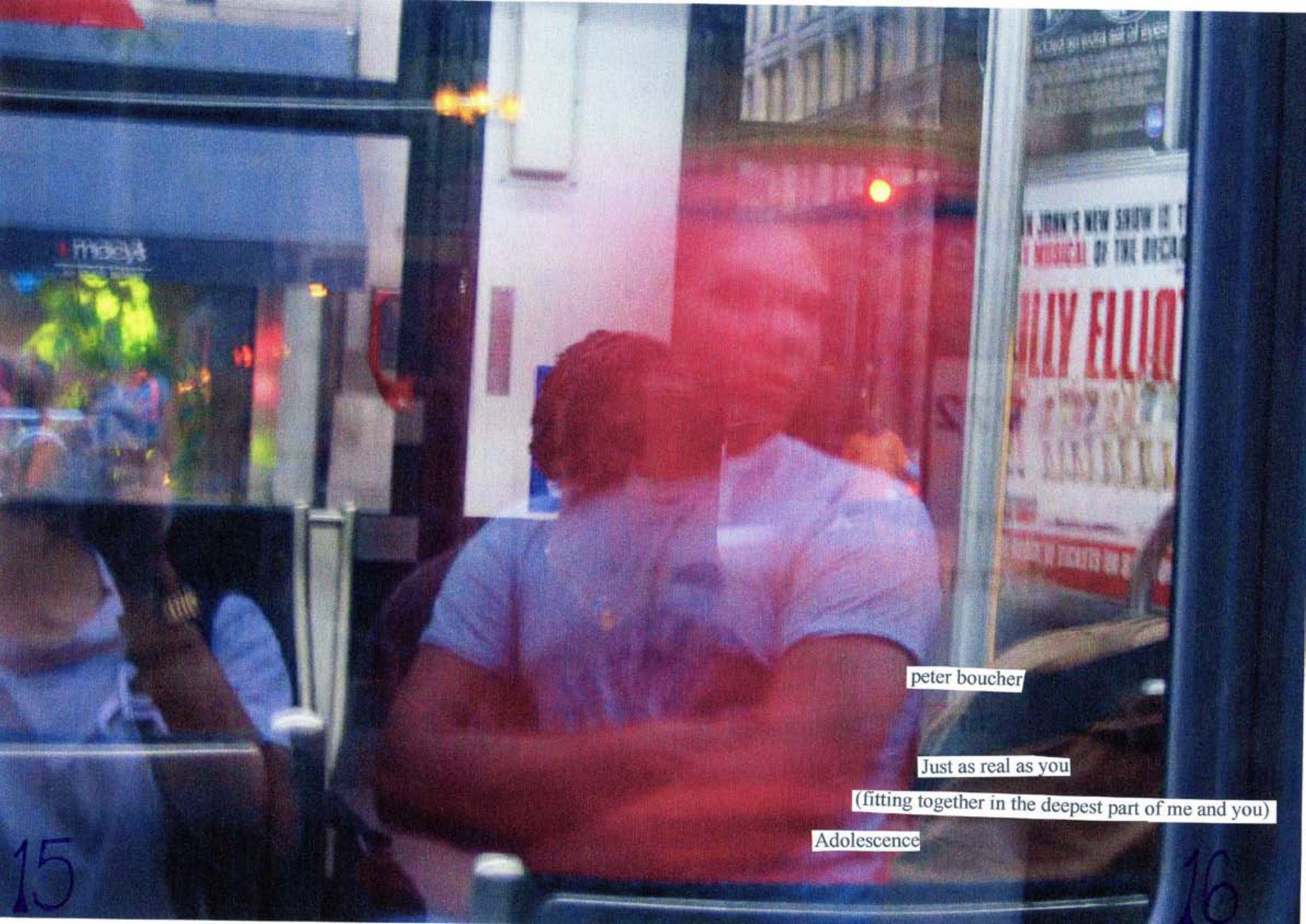
I am. Am I? Soy yo. ¿Soy yo?

No, no. No, no.

Mais, bon, je ne sais pas.

Ich. Ich! Ich? lllllhhhhhhkkkkkk...

Om



peter boucher

Just as real as you

(fitting together in the deepest part of me and you)

Adolescence

Just as real as you

I came from code

my lungs my bones my teeth my brain

where a jump start of electricity

grinds the world into sand

and sprinkles it

in the beaches

of my daydreams.

Where blue waves yellow beach

saturate the landscape

Neon dream that I fenced in-

I left it alone

crouching in my skull afraid and alone but never

pale.

Called fake! but just as real

as my peeling fingertips

and my bruised toenails

and my tar lungs.

-squints at halogen white light BULBS careening through the road! and
infant asphalt scrapes:

"When I was 10 I collapsed my legs on my front lawn and I smashed face first
into the sticks and dirt. I forgot how hard ground was. I forgot how much it hurt."

Neosporin and band-aids later I sit at the computer staring at a screen

playing candy games until my teens.

Fitting together in the deepest part of me and you

is not like a puzzle piece-

it is NOT a soft cardboard piece mashed together and an image completed a part
of an image for the
whole of an image-

NO!

Fitting together perfectly in the deepest part of me and you is a

swirl of clay in a

black void

molding into one another

constantly

turning and molding

as if kneaded by dough from

our own invisible hands.

We are *kneaded* together.

our love is *kneaded dough*.

(none of this superficial flimsy soggy brown puzzle piece bull shit,
none of these fucking layers of brown paper mashed together with
elmer's ground-up cowhoof sticky glue Bull ShiT-)

-“Who the fuck came up with that?”-

NO! No. no, no,

our love is *kneaded dough*.

but I think something happened

I think we molded together in that warm blackness

(in that sweet curled up vacuum)-

I think my clay's been,

muddied,

like a 5 year old mixing paint colors to discover

Catastrophe!

he can't take red from brown or green from brown and the muddy mess just sits
on the table and stares

at you and you Cower, curl, sleep and give up because everything's just a muddy
mess everything's just

a goddamn muddy mess

now-

you're mixed

into me.

maybe until

then

our muddy messes

mold and

swirl together

again

PBB

Adolescence

Lying
on
the floor
and watching the
ceiling fan
and the white
the white
ceiling
the
white
the white
ceiling
n g-
ple a se-

Lying
on the
Floor
on the
white
white
ceiling
and my girlfriend are in

PBB

love
so-
ple a s ei-

lying on the floor

in My house

in My study

and the white

on the white

on the white

the white

What was that? Did that just happen? It did! It didn't. I can't be sure...

And do I, did I ever love you?

Ha! Just try to localize the absurd!

In doubt I look around and it begins to seem familiar,

Again the present world awaits, my feet explore the Earth,

Exposure, then allured, censured, injured, and deterred to claim of worth,

Left obscure, in twists and turns, and labeled a rebirth,

For what?

For what?

So we can understand concepts of liberation?

For what?

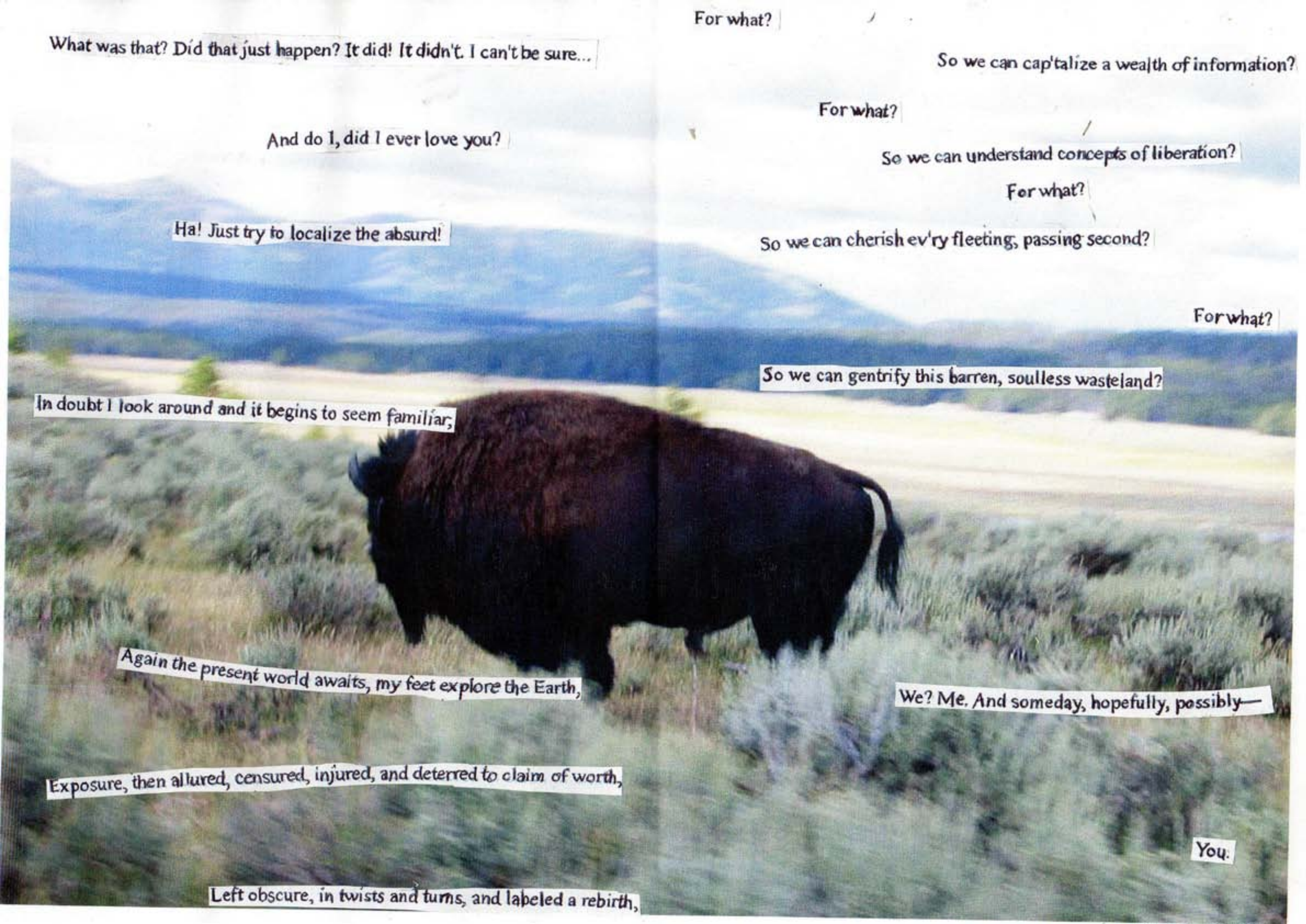
So we can cherish ev'ry fleeting, passing second?

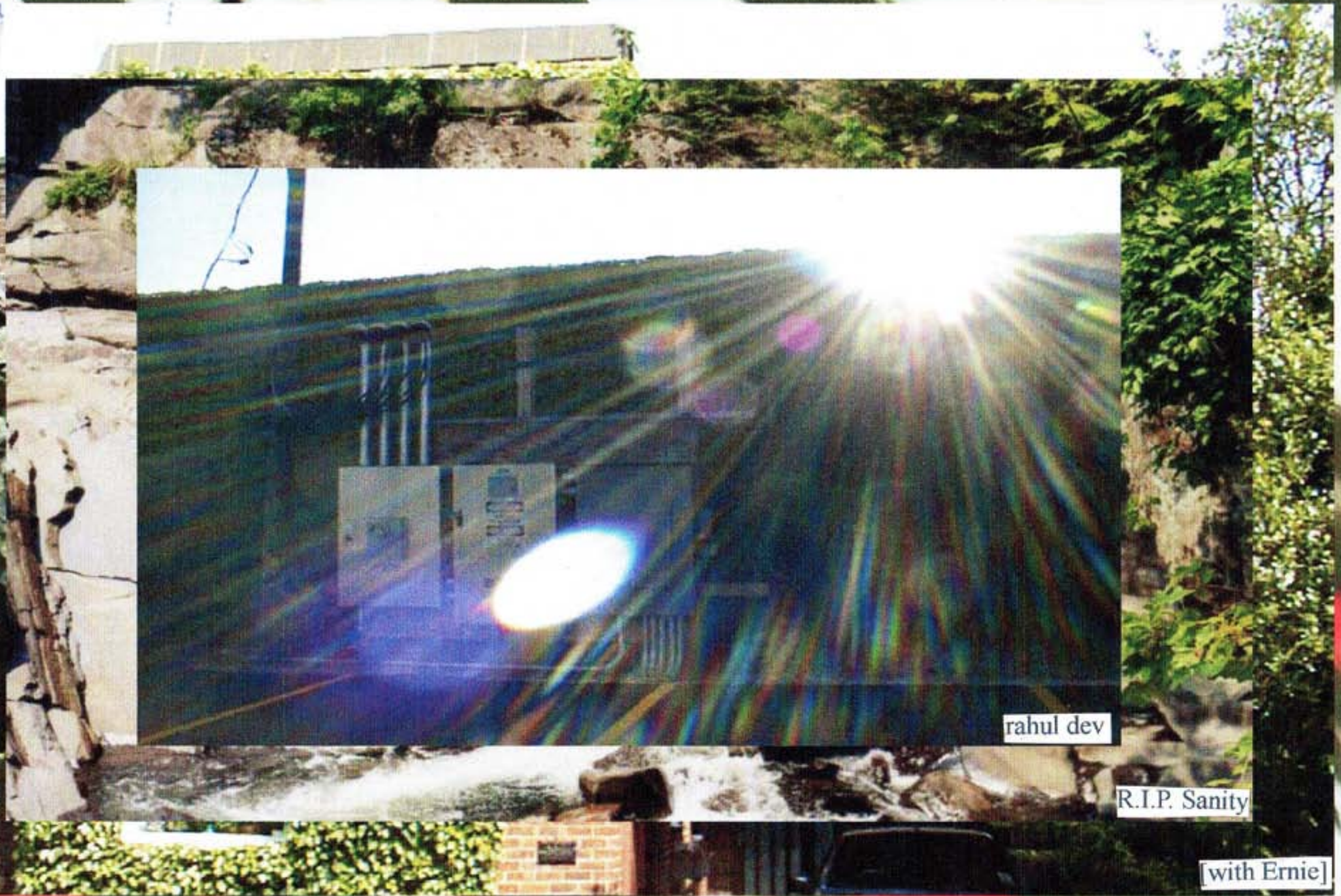
For what?

So we can gentrify this barren, soulless wasteland?

We? Me. And someday, hopefully, possibly—

You.

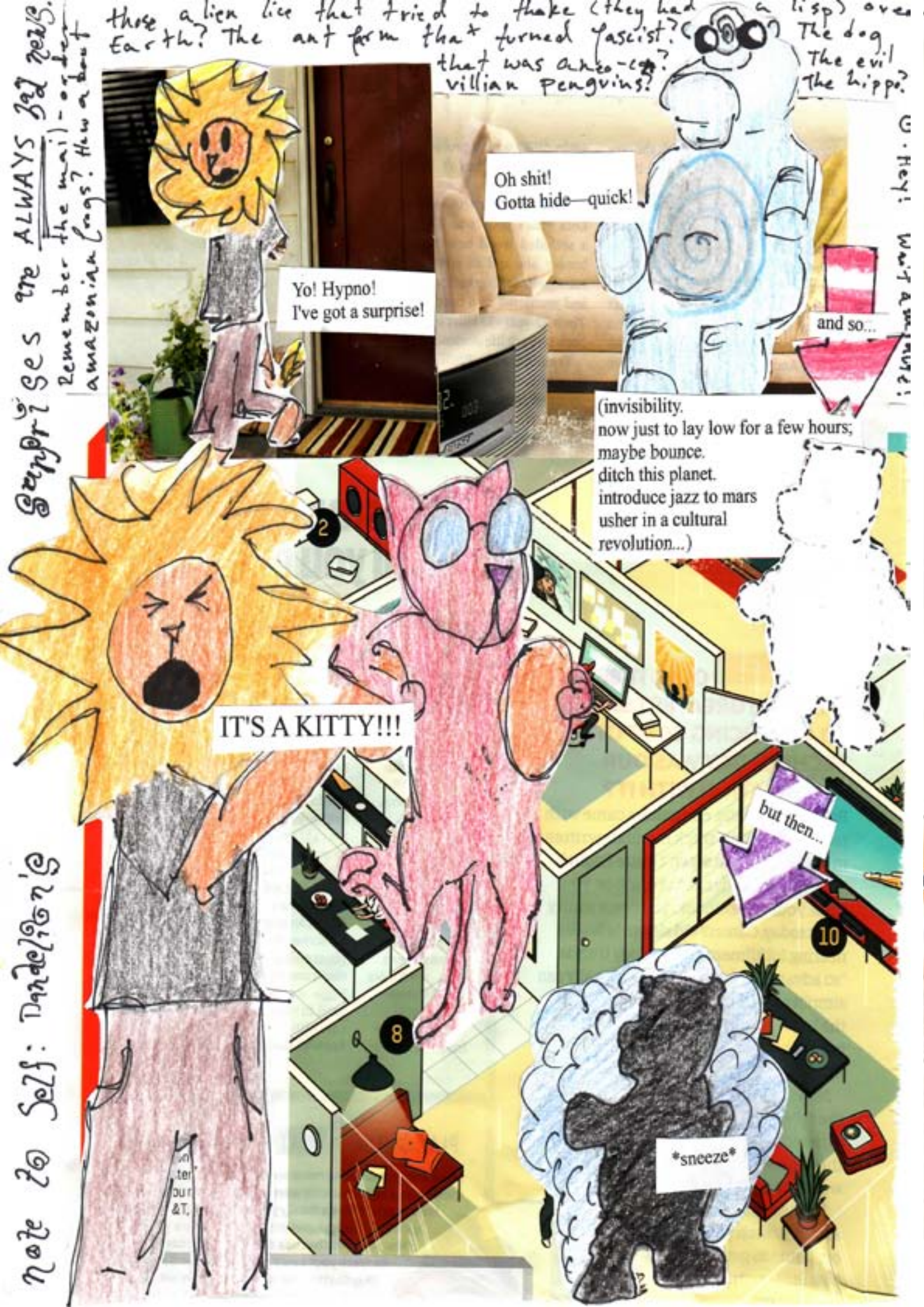




rahul dev

R.I.P. Sanity

[with Ernie]



Surprises are ALWAYS bad news!
Remember the mail-order
amazonian frogs? How about

note 20 Self: Dandelion's

those a lion like that tried to shake (they had a lisp) over
Earth? The ant farm that turned fascist? The dog
that was a neo-con? The evil
villain penguins? The hippo?

Yo! Hypno!
I've got a surprise!

Oh shit!
Gotta hide—quick!

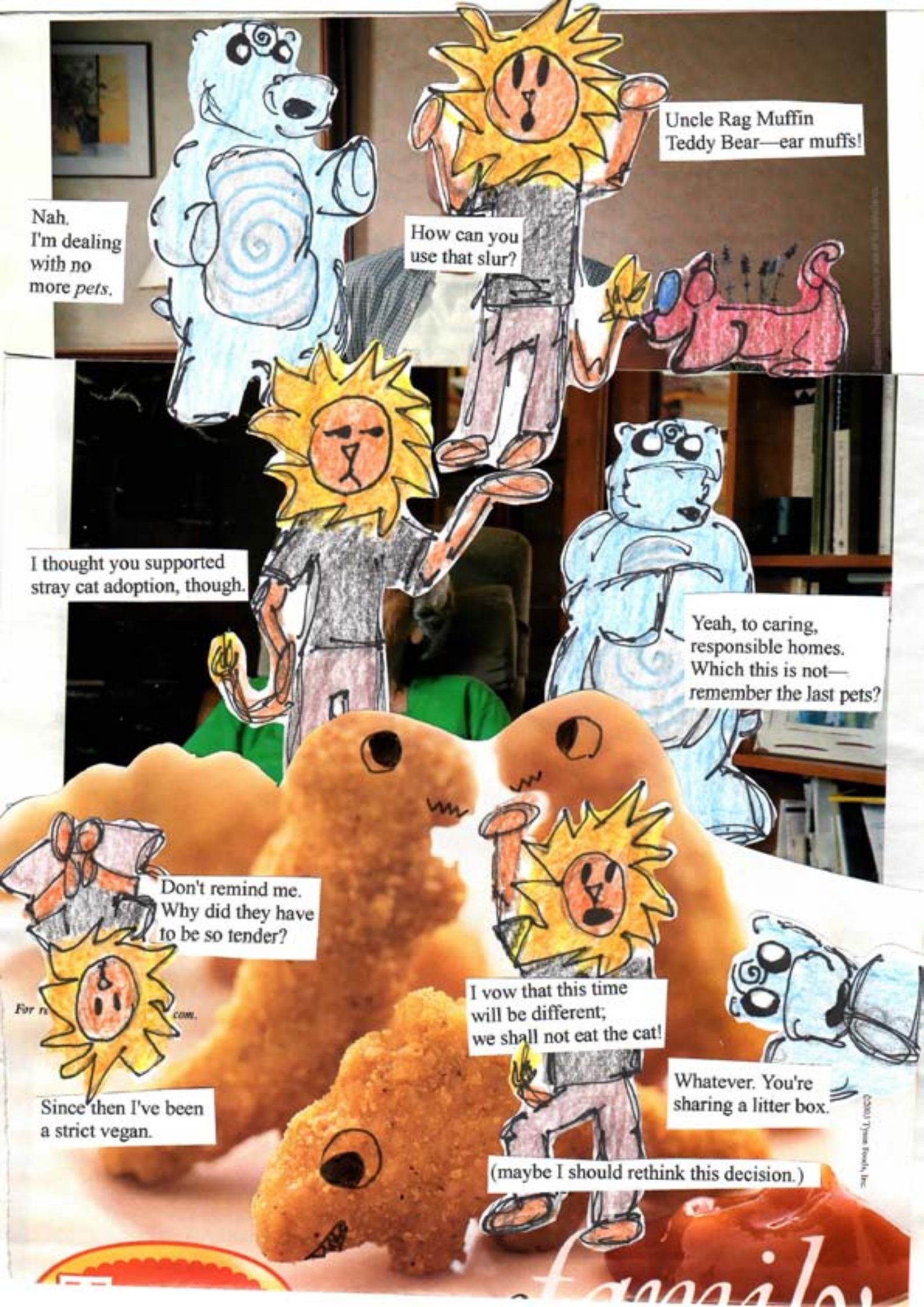
and so...

(invisibility.
now just to lay low for a few hours;
maybe bounce.
ditch this planet.
introduce jazz to mars
usher in a cultural
revolution...)

IT'S A KITTY!!!

but then...

sneeze



Nah,
I'm dealing
with no
more pets.

How can you
use that slur?

Uncle Rag Muffin
Teddy Bear—ear muffs!

I thought you supported
stray cat adoption, though.

Yeah, to caring,
responsible homes.
Which this is not—
remember the last pets?

Don't remind me.
Why did they have
to be so tender?

Since then I've been
a strict vegan.

I vow that this time
will be different;
we shall not eat the cat!

Whatever. You're
sharing a litter box.

(maybe I should rethink this decision.)



And so, they somehow managed not to eat the cat...

Care to pass the remote, mon?

No thanks. I've been watching too much this week. I'm getting mad DVR.

...and I can only move half my face.

I don't know if this is primetime, but the cat's eating all your fungus.

<HATE CRIME!
I'M SHITAKE!>

And so the truth flowed forth from Dandelion's pout as fear engulfed his psyche...

...neither was it his uncle, Rag Muffin Teddy Bear, as the name suggested, and Hypno had suspected...

...but rather the cat was his evil twin brother, Lionel Dandy.

Dandelion went on to reveal that since Lionel was the evil twin, he only has bad trips...

...which Dandelion—being the good twin—had never experienced.

He explained how the two had ESP and that due to their current physical proximity and the amount the fungicide had consumed...

...the bad trip was likely to jump the subspace highway and transmute itself into Dandelion's head.

Built for Speed

Nerve impulses can travel slower than a tricycle or faster than a racecar. Reaction time often slows with age, but studies show that, with practice, older people can improve their mental speed by more than 50 percent.



RIP
SANTY

[with Ernie]

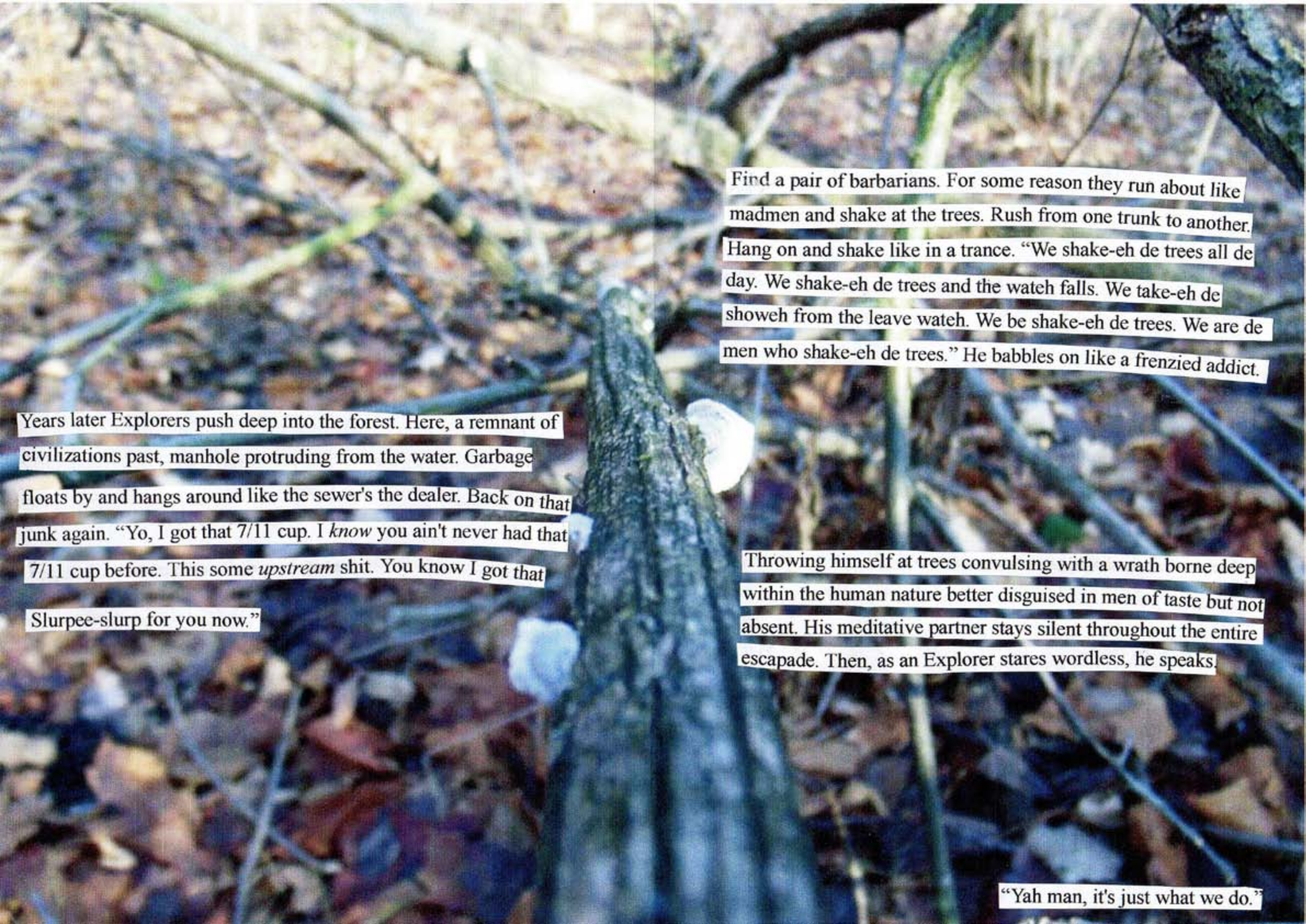
Perched in the middle of a creek, stacking stones, waiting for the mushrooms to kick in. Am I still waiting? Leech insects cling tight to rocks and refuse to dislodge. Wash it in the water and if it comes out clean, it's a good one. Like this one: figure like a bone but most definitely stone. Cap stone. With each removed rock, create a new stream for water to flow. Leave not footprints, but new pathways.

Cross a frog and turn him to stone with the psilocybin curse. New spirit guide. Stepping stones end—take the bank from here. It's speaking to me. Each step pushes down onto an air pocket below which bubbles up in the water. I'm sinking; it's eating me. Rush into the thicket, but the grass fights back. Shoots thorns into my legs I'm leaking. Jump into the creek and rub water on my calves. The best remedy for itchiness is real creek water. Look down and notice tiny white arachnids. (I just rubbed those into my legs.) Should go back to where Ernie and I split to wait for him.

“That was the most FRIGHTENING shit I have *ever* taken. Let's get the FUCK out of here.”

Ernie calls over. Found a lizard egg. Open to reveal two newborn spirit guides. (Later, the Philipina will teach us that these can be roasted and eaten.) Ernie departs, leaving me to wade the water alone. Step on rocks with some part above the surface. As long as the top is dry, you can balance on it. Just try to keep balanced. Because the last thing I want to do is take the three inch drop. Anything but that.

The only reason we identify this body with the *I* is because this is the only object with which we can have multiple sensory relations simultaneously. Close your eyes and imagine that you had no concept of what form *you* took. Try to determine where *you* end and where everything else begins. Leave this world.

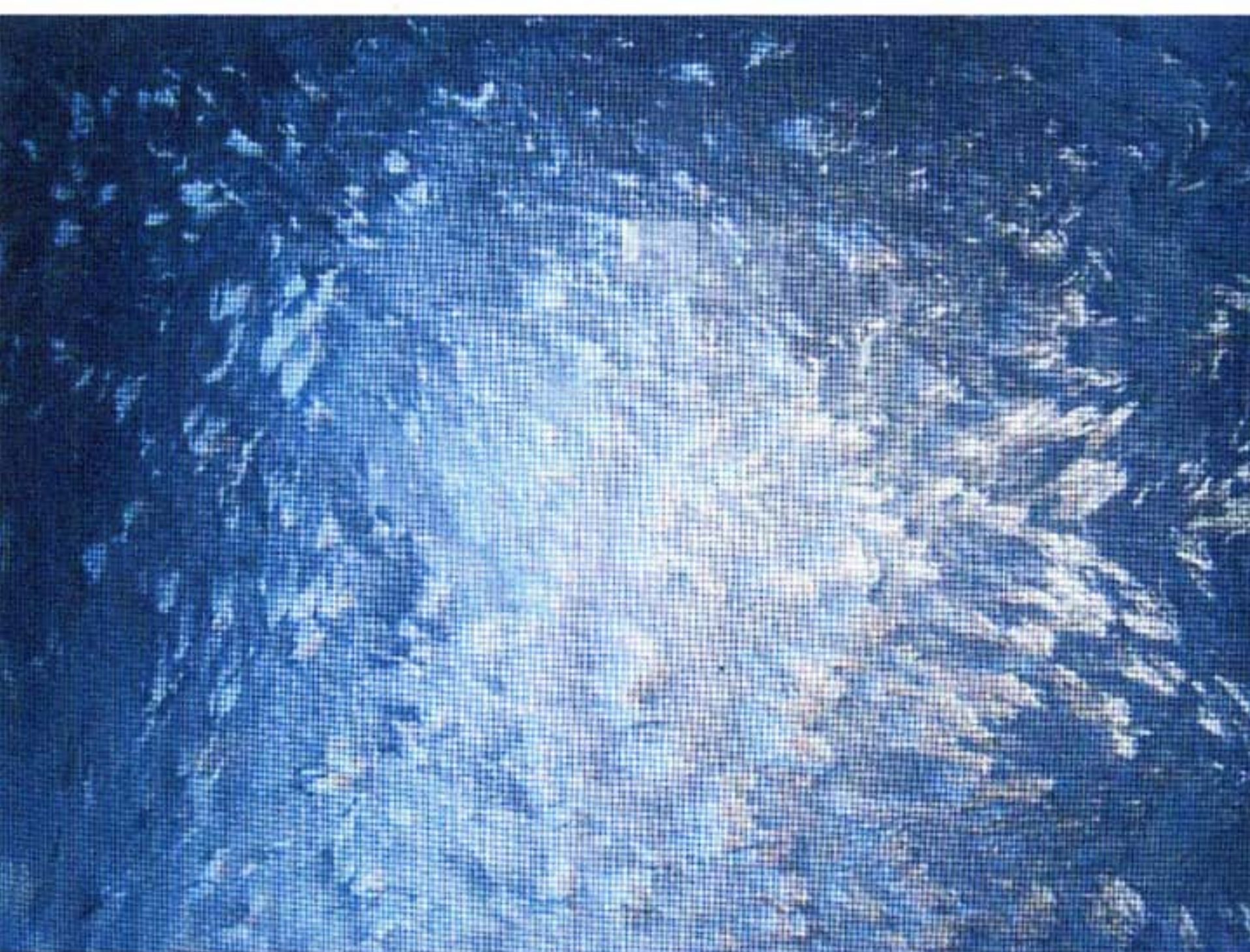


Find a pair of barbarians. For some reason they run about like madmen and shake at the trees. Rush from one trunk to another. Hang on and shake like in a trance. "We shake-eh de trees all de day. We shake-eh de trees and the watch falls. We take-eh de showeh from the leave watch. We be shake-eh de trees. We are de men who shake-eh de trees." He babbles on like a frenzied addict.

Years later Explorers push deep into the forest. Here, a remnant of civilizations past, manhole protruding from the water. Garbage floats by and hangs around like the sewer's the dealer. Back on that junk again. "Yo, I got that 7/11 cup. I *know* you ain't never had that 7/11 cup before. This some *upstream* shit. You know I got that Slurpee-slurp for you now."

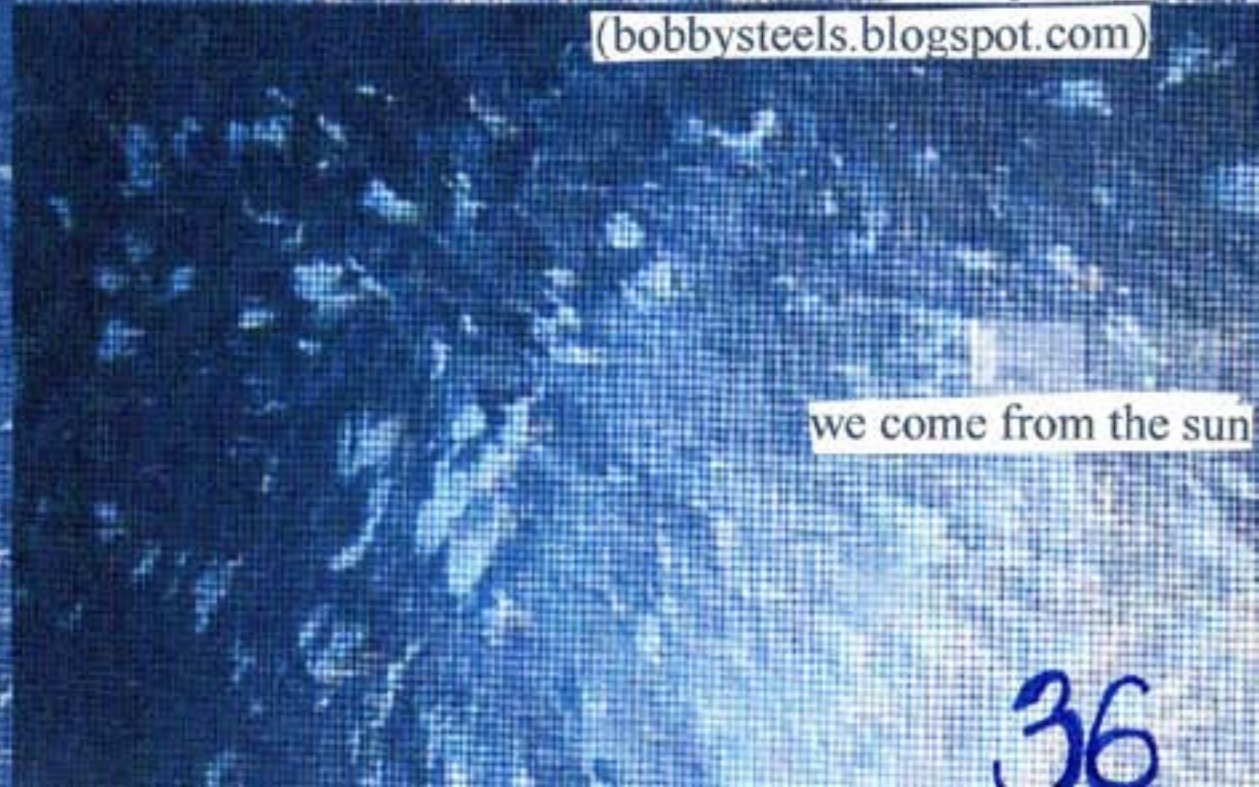
Throwing himself at trees convulsing with a wrath borne deep within the human nature better disguised in men of taste but not absent. His meditative partner stays silent throughout the entire escapade. Then, as an Explorer stares wordless, he speaks.

"Yah man, it's just what we do."

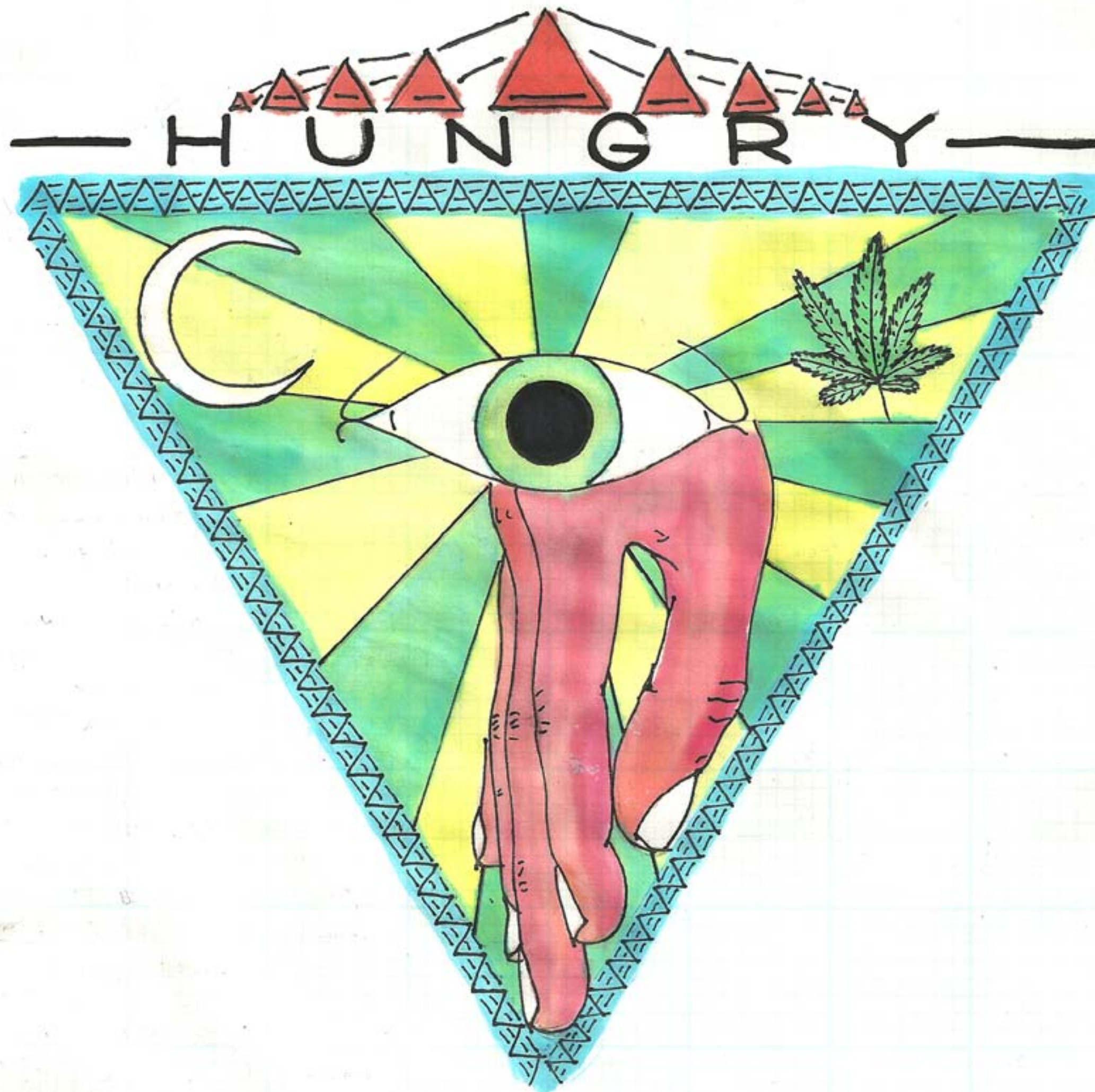


bobby corns

(bobbysteels.blogspot.com)



we come from the sun



Indeed a bitter angst I cry, but muffled to repression,

A futile, endless search for peace in infinite regression,

Back down, back down the mountainside's a nervous waiting station,

Where I sit upon the bench looking left to right in repetition,

Their feet so restless, a muddled mass of mutually assured gestations,

Each life a hollow genuflection from the time of confirmation,

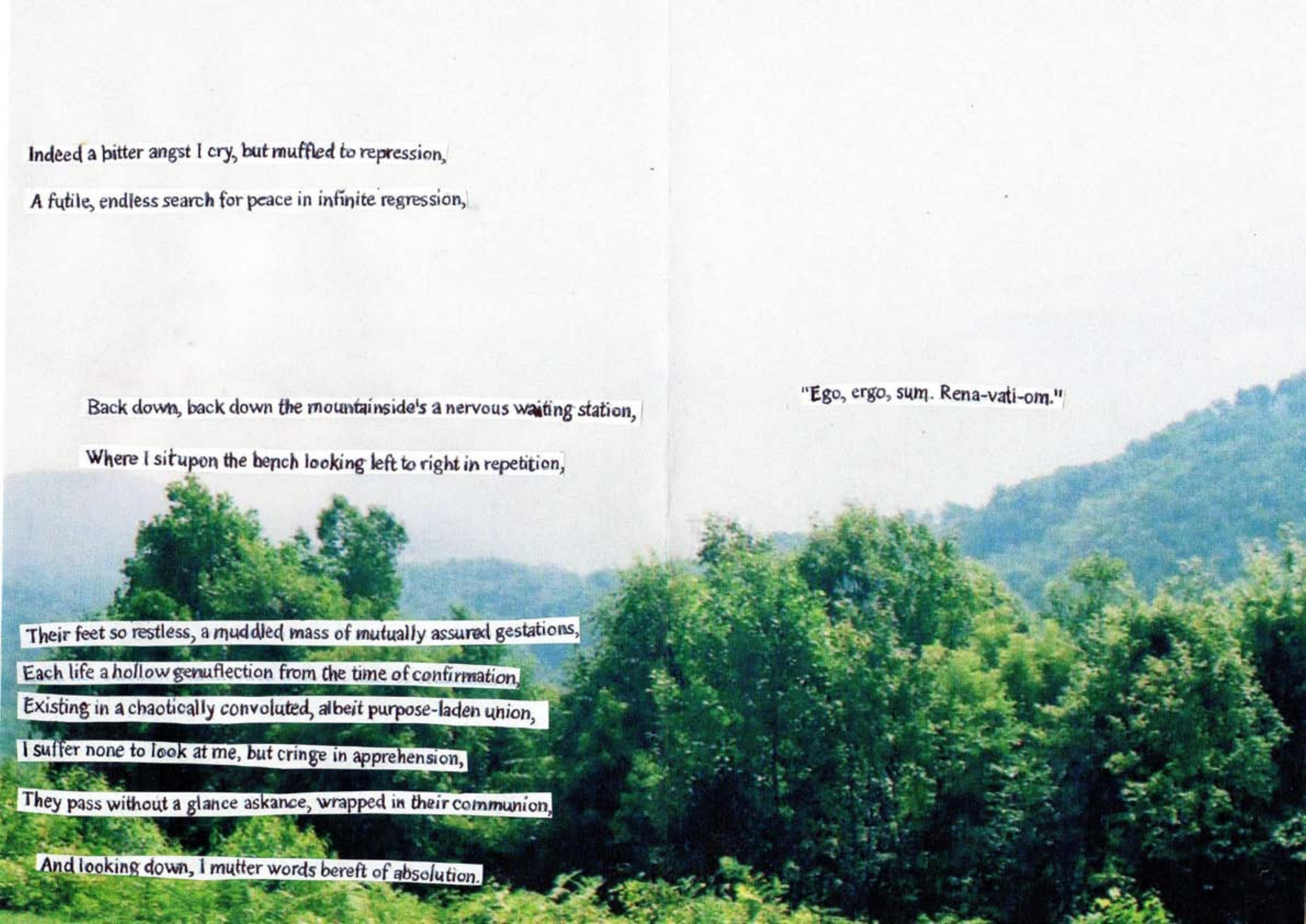
Existing in a chaotically convoluted, albeit purpose-laden union,

I suffer none to look at me, but cringe in apprehension,

They pass without a glance askance, wrapped in their communion,

And looking down, I mutter words bereft of absolution.

"Ego, ergo, sum. Rena-vati-om."





eric guo

thomas (22 december 2010)

sasha (24 december 2010)

rienne (26 december 2010)

41

42



Thomas

Ember Dec '10



Sasha

Ember Dec '10



Riane

Emilia Dec '10



LOPSIG

 WORDPRESS  COM
(dot) (dot)

the online home of WAY OUT
with hi-res images, music, download
able issues, and much much MUCH
MORE!

EXPAND YOUR MIND.